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IN THIS ISSUE

THE SHAPE OF THINGS 661

EDITORIALS

Save the FEPC! 663
Occupation of Germany 664
The Fight for S 380 664

ARTICLES

Arrest of "the Six" *by I. F. Stone* 666
A M G Plans for Japan 667
Hotel Behind the Lines *by Kay Boyle* 668
Why Germany Lost *by Major H. A. DeWeerd* 671
In the Wind 673

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

Paris Regained, III *by Cyril Connolly* 674
Notes by the Way *by Margaret Marshall* 675
Briefer Comment 676
Music *by B. H. Haggin* 679

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS 680

[For reasons of space the Political War section and the Cross-Word Puzzle will be omitted from the 24-page issues published on alternate weeks during the summer.]

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The Shape of Things

CERTAIN LESSONS ARE TO BE LEARNED FROM THE seven-day veto crisis at San Francisco, so happily ended by Stalin's agreement to permit freedom of hearing and discussion before the Security Council. In the first place, as *The Nation* pointed out last week, it is quite clear that Russia wants the conference to succeed and intends to remain within the new security organization. Russia may be stubborn, and lack diplomatic tact, and resort exasperatingly to unilateral action when cooperation would be to everybody's advantage, but Russia knows as well as any nation the cost of armed isolation. There may be forces in Russia, just as there are in this country, pressing in that direction, but they are not centered in the Kremlin. In the second place, as a number of intelligent editorial writers have said, one reason for Russia's reluctance to permit free discussion of any matter brought to the attention of the Security Council was the clear possibility that it might be used to raise such old and settled issues as the independence of the Baltic states. Senator Vandenberg has suggested as much. Russia has not yet got rid of its deep mistrust of outside anti-Soviet forces; some of our irresponsible leaders and writers have done little to improve matters. In the third place, the resolution of the veto crisis shows that Russia respects a firm stand when it is convinced the intentions of its opponents are honest. The position of the powers small and large which fight for free discussion could not, in general, be interpreted as anti-Soviet: it was definitely in behalf of the rights of lesser nations, which Russia previously had championed. After the word of the agreement reached the conference, one of the Soviet delegates remarked: "If a point is proved to us and we see and feel that it is based on good will and justified desires, we agree to it." There's still much to learn in the United Nations school of international relations, but the first semester has seen great strides made.

*

ACCEPTANCE OF THE BRETTON WOODS PACTS by an overwhelming, bi-partisan vote in the House is the most encouraging step that Congress has yet taken in the direction of world cooperation. Powerful interests, including a large segment of the banking world, have fought bitterly against the stabilization fund provided for in the agreements. Yet in the showdown the undoubted desire of the American people for better world relations prevailed. Even the Republicans, who do not readily respond to popular pressure, supported the Bretton Woods agreements 138 to 18. And a few hours after the vote Governor Dewey, who is not insensitive to the drift of the political winds, came out in a belated

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indorsement of the pacts. Coming as it did a few hours before the breaking of the veto deadlock at San Francisco, the House's action should contribute substantially toward the creation of a better atmosphere for international collaboration than has existed since the early days of the United Nations Conference. Its constructive significance is counterbalanced, however, by the fact that the trade-agreements program is encountering heavy weather in the Senate. The Finance Committee, in a report favoring extension of the reciprocal trade agreements, has wiped out—by a one-vote margin—the meaning of its act by blue-penciling the section of the bill which permits the President to cut tariff rates 50 per cent below present levels. Senator George promises to try to restore the provision when the bill goes to the floor. Unless he succeeds, the heart of the measure will have been cut out. Power to negotiate lower tariffs on a recpirocal basis is quite as important as the Bretton Woods agreements.

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THE APPOINTMENT OF GENERAL OMAR BRADLEY to succeed Brigadier General Hines as head of the Veterans' Administration is good news for the returning service men. General Bradley has had a conspicuously brilliant record in the war. His elevation to the rank of commander of the Twelfth Army Group some months prior to the landings on D-Day came after distinguished service in Tunisia and Sicily. The fact that General Bradley is considered one of the two or three best field generals in the Allied armies is evidence of his ability as an organizer and administrator. What is just as important, his unfailing concern for the men in the ranks has earned him the title of "the doughboy's general." President Truman could hardly have made a better choice. Apparently, regardless of the findings of the Rankin committee now investigating charges against the Veterans' Administration, General Bradley is being given full powers if not injunctions to clean house. The courteous dismissal of General Hines, who has held the post for twenty-two years, must be read alongside of the President's assurance that the Veterans' Administration would be streamlined and modernized to meet the needs of the veterans of this war. This statement, coupled with the Bradley appointment, is the best answer that could be given to Rankin's attempts to discredit witnesses before his committee.

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WE AGREE WITH PRESIDENT TRUMAN THAT THE salaries of members of Congress are too low, but we do not agree that this is the time to boost them from $10,000 to "perhaps $15,000 to $25,000 a year." A straight increase, as the President pointed out, would be more honest and direct than the "annual expense account" of $2,500 which the members of the House had voted themselves. But neither is justified as long as the war is going on and other wage and salaried workers are tied to the Little Steel formula. Wayne Morse, as a former member of the War Labor Board, was naturally aware of the implications of the House vote. He said that Congress had struck a serious blow against the stabilization program and that Mr. Truman, while disapproving of the method used, had condoned it. Senator Morse is right. Certainly the Congress should set an example in self-restraint to a country already restive under war-time wage restrictions and not claim for itself advantages which are denied the rest of the population. And certainly the President should not talk about doubling Congressmen's pay on the very day he forbids any change in the Little Steel formula. We suggest a compromise for the duration: let the President veto the expense-account bill and recommend a straight increase of 15 per cent plus other adjustments available to factory hands and white-collar workers—though we don't know about merit increases! That ought to satisfy our legislators at least until V-J Day.

✶

CONTINUED JAPANESE RETIREMENT IN SEVERAL areas in China has made it clear that the enemy is giving up a substantial portion of his holdings in order to strengthen his position for the inevitable American landings. The full extent of the withdrawal is not yet known. The corridor to Indo-China, which was never wide enough to provide protection against American bombings, has already been abandoned. Withdrawals have also been reported along the coast north of Foochow and west of Hongkong. Since the Chinese have no first-line troops in any of these areas and are prevented from sending them there by the Japanese corridor to Hongkong, it is clear that these retreats are of a strategic rather than a tactical nature. It may be assumed that the enemy will dispose his forces in such a way as to protect the few ports—notably Shanghai, Hongkong, and Tsingtao—seizure of which would afford ready access to the interior. The virtual completion of the Okinawa campaign makes the Japanese position in the Shanghai area particularly vulnerable. An American landing near the mouth of the Yangtze would not only open the way to the richest and most populous part of China but would bottle up huge Japanese forces in the Nanking-Hankow area, leaving them but a single railway as an unreliable communication line. Japanese efforts to create effective defenses in this area must be seriously hampered by the panic which the capture of Okinawa has created in the homeland. Leading commanders and picked troops are being withdrawn to the home islands. With its navy virtually eliminated and its air force reduced to a maximum of 4,000 combat planes, Japan has been forced to concentrate its efforts on elaborate defensive fortifications. Germany's experiences with "impregnable defenses" was hardly such as to give our remaining enemy much comfort.

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ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING STORIES LATELY told about our greatest novelist, Thomas Mann, appeared last week in a column by Marquis W. Childs. In 1933, soon after Hitler came to power, Mr. Childs made a pilgrimage to Lübeck, Dr. Mann's birthplace. He talked to a group of young people, sons and daughters of the leading citizens, and he told them he wanted to visit Thomas Mann's old home and the house which had been the setting for "Buddenbrooks." This request produced some embarrassment. It was plain that the young men and women were sympathetic to the very new New Order, but local pride, and perhaps even that national pride so flamboyantly proclaimed by the Führer, outweighed their fascist scruples. So they explained carefully that they disapproved of their famous

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fellow-townsman's political views, and then led Marquis Childs on his pilgrimage, talking freely about the history of the Mann family, so closely woven into that of Lübeck. How much of the deep conflict that plunged the German people into the nightmare of terror and war and final destruction is summed up in that little incident! No one understands that inner conflict better than Thomas Mann. No one can do more than he, now that the battle of arms is over, to make the Germans themselves understand the meaning of what has happened to them. For the moral and psychological bases of human behavior have been the subject of his life's thought and he has appreciated more completely than any of his contemporaries the subtle processes of disintegration that lead toward individual and social collapse. Dr. Mann is seventy now, and his birthday, just past, will be celebrated on the twenty-fifth of this month at a dinner Nation Associates is holding at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York. We are thankful for the presence of Thomas Mann in America, proud to claim him as a citizen, delighted to have the opportunity to honor him on his birthday. And most of all, we are glad to know that his new country will be able to turn to him for counsel and help in its difficult dealings with the country of his birth. His great novel about Joseph is finished; but much work lies ahead of Thomas Mann.

✳

TWO WEEKS BEFORE THE CANADIAN ELECTIONS, the following note was inclosed in the pay envelopes of all the employees of Lymans Limited, Montreal, one of Canada's largest wholesale drug firms. J. H. Andrews is the president of the company.

INTER-OFFICE MEMO

To: ALL EMPLOYEES From: J. H. ANDREWS

Monday, June 11, is Election Day. If you have a vote it is your duty as a citizen to exercise same. Vote for the party you are in favor of. BUT VOTE.

Some of you may have listened to the recent propaganda in favor of the C. C. F. Party. I have made a study of this party for the past five years. My findings are that should the C. C. F. win this election, Canada will face the same perils as did Germany under the National Socialistic Party that installed Hitler to power. The C. C. F. program is to merge the railroads, banks, insurance companies, etc. I ask you the simple question—Do you know of any business successfully run by a school teacher? The C. C. F. members who will, if elected, govern this country, are made up of college professors, school teachers, and idealists. I have documentary evidence on file covering every important member of the C. C. F. Party, which is open for your inspection at any time. You may vote C. C. F. against my advice as this is your privilege. I cannot, however, accept the responsibility of maintaining employment for you and the other members of our organization for any length of time under a C. C. F. controlled government. I want you to take time to read the inclosed booklet, "The Road to Serfdom," which appeared in the April issue of *Reader's Digest*. This article was written by an internationally known economist. Canada faces the same problems under the C. C. F. as Central Europe faced during the rise of fascism. The fundamental truths brought to light in this booklet should convince you that Canada needs no C. C. F. or Socialist government.

Save the FEPC!

UNLESS decisive pressure is brought to bear upon Congress during the next few weeks in support of the President's appeal, the Fair Employment Practices Committee will pass out of existence on June 30. It will cease to exist just at the moment when reconversion will create the gravest danger of wholesale employment discrimination against Negro war workers. This critical situation has arisen as a result of a typical underhanded maneuver by Representative Rankin and his diehard Southern tory associates. Having overruled President Roosevelt's request for a $599,000 grant for the 1945-46 fiscal year, the House Appropriations Committee has withheld all funds for the agency on the ground that there is a bill before Congress to establish the FEPC on a permanent basis. And the appropriation measure is to be brought before the House under a rule that would make it possible for Rankin, by raising a point of order, to block any motion to provide for the FEPC. He has served notice that he will do this.

Meanwhile Rankin has seen to it that the bill for a permanent FEPC is bottled up in the Rules Committee, where it has been held for weeks. The bill continues to be kept there despite President Truman's vigorous appeal that it be brought up for action because of the urgency of the reconversion problem. In view of Mr. Truman's close association with many of the Southern Democrats who have been leading the fight against the bill, many observers doubted that he would take the lead in pushing the measure. The President not only demonstrated real political courage in defying the White Supremacy bloc, but showed once more his capacity for striking at the root of an issue when he declared that "discrimination in the matter of employment . . . because of race, creed, or color is not only un-American in nature but will lead eventually to industrial strife and unrest."

As a result of the President's leadership the Rules Committee may yet be compelled to report out the measure. If the committee continues to sabotage it, it may still be forced out on the floor by petition. This, however, can be achieved only if the voters back home begin to flood their Congressmen with messages requesting prompt action. If the bill is brought to a vote in the House, most observers believe that it can be passed.

In the Senate the situation is equally difficult, if less complicated. A bill similar to the House measure has been reported out of committee and is expected to be taken up within the next week. But the opposition has served warning that it will resort to a filibuster if necessary to prevent the bill from being passed. The chances of favorable action before June 30 are slight. Here, too, the one hope that a permanent FEPC may be set up in time for the reconversion period lies in intensive pressure from the voters. It is also possible for the Senate to force restoration of funds for the FEPC in the current war-agencies appropriation bill and thus repair the damage wrought by legislative trickery in the House. The outcome of this struggle will go a long way toward deciding whether we shall have less or more racial conflict in the post-war years.

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Occupation of Germany

WITH General Eisenhower's visit to Berlin the joint occupation of Germany has begun, at least symbolically. The control commission provided for in the Yalta agreement has been set up. It has not started to function, however, and we have yet to learn whether common policies of occupation will be followed by the four occupying powers. The control commission will presumably seek to establish as many common policies as possible, but no power is committed to any in advance. Every measure—economic, political, or cultural—favored by one of the occupying powers may be presented to the control commission for consideration.

A careful analysis of our problem in Europe and of our relations with Russia must make it apparent that it is in our interest, and the interest of world peace, to have as complete agreement as possible in the occupation of Germany. Serious differences between Russia and the West might easily lead to a permanent partition of the nation. There are some who advocate such a partition, who think that it would help to destroy the German peril. But no one could maintain that it would ease the tensions between Russia and the Western Allies. A Chinese wall erected across Germany would increase the danger of a policy applied by one of the great powers being interpreted as a strategic threat by another. Such a division might even result in the secret arming of each remnant of Germany, provided a basic accord between Russia and the West is not reached.

Though the Russians seem more reluctant than the British and Americans to establish a common policy in Germany, the apparent inclination of the Western governments to press for a common policy should not be interpreted as anti-Russian. That inclination is, in fact, strongest among those American officials who look upon cooperation with Russia as the keystone of our post-war political strategy. They realize that the best chance of permanent agreement with Russia lies in the creation of an economically healthy Europe, which must include a militarily impotent but economically functioning Germany. The greatest danger to future peace with Russia would arise from the continuance of an economic desert and a political vacuum in the center of Europe. This would tempt the major victorious nations to compete for control of this great central area, to the detriment of the unity of the continent and to the peril of any permanent accord among them.

There is a more immediate reason why we should desire and strive for a common occupation of Germany. It would eliminate difficulties arising from certain disadvantages which exist in the areas controlled by the Western nations in comparison with the Russian zone. That zone has a cereal surplus; the western areas have a cereal deficit. The Russian zone has the undestroyed Silesian industrial areas; the west has the rubble heaps of the Rhine and the Ruhr industries. If Germany is not administered as an economic and political unit, starvation may sweep its western half this winter. This possibility is the more ominous because we are legally prohibited from sending food or relief to Germany, while the Russians, who will certainly take their share out of Germany, are quite willing to send goods and materials into the conquered country for pump-priming purposes.

Furthermore, certain divergences of policy between the Western Allies and the Russians have already appeared which should be eliminated as fast as possible through a common program. The Russians are clearly inclined to kill Nazis more expeditiously and to fraternize with anti-Nazis more readily than are the British and Americans. They will do the first because they are less cumbered by the multitudinous legal problems revealed in Justice Jackson's report to the President. They will do the second because from the beginning they have been more interested than we in discriminating between Nazis and anti-Nazis. Even now the Russians are arranging games and dances with approved German groups and offering special food rations to known anti-Nazi leaders, while our army is still bound and embarrassed by the non-fraternization rule, originally imposed for security reasons. A common policy with the Russians might also eliminate some of the industrial bigwigs which our army has been importing into Germany to run industry.

The situation, in brief, is that the Russians are wrong in their reluctance to establish a common policy and generally right in their own policies. We are right in wanting a common program but usually wrong in the specific policies established in our zone. There is thus a double reason for desiring a genuinely common occupation of Germany.

COMING IN *THE NATION*

BULGARIA—FROM INSIDE

By Constantine Poulos

For the past three months Mr. Poulos has been the only American or British correspondent in Bulgaria.

The Fight for S 380

THE drive for full-employment legislation is gaining momentum, and the first order of business on the domestic front for every labor and liberal organization is to get behind S 380, the Full Employment bill. That the Truman Administration intends to make the bill one of its major objectives was indicated by the release by the White House of the letter from War Mobilization Director Fred M. Vinson to Senator Robert F. Wagner giving unqualified indorsement to S 380. To have won the support of this right-of-center Kentucky Democrat was a substantial political victory, for Vinson's approval will make it easier to muster recruits in the Southern and conservative wing of the party. The President's own position was made amply clear in the Murray-Truman report on full employment last December, when he was still the senior Senator from Missouri, and it is obvious that his succession to the White House has in no way changed his opinion on this fundamental issue.

Judge Vinson deserves the highest commendation for lending his aid to the bill. His letter should make it impossible to draw the usual red herrings across the path of the fight for full employment. While affirming the necessity for

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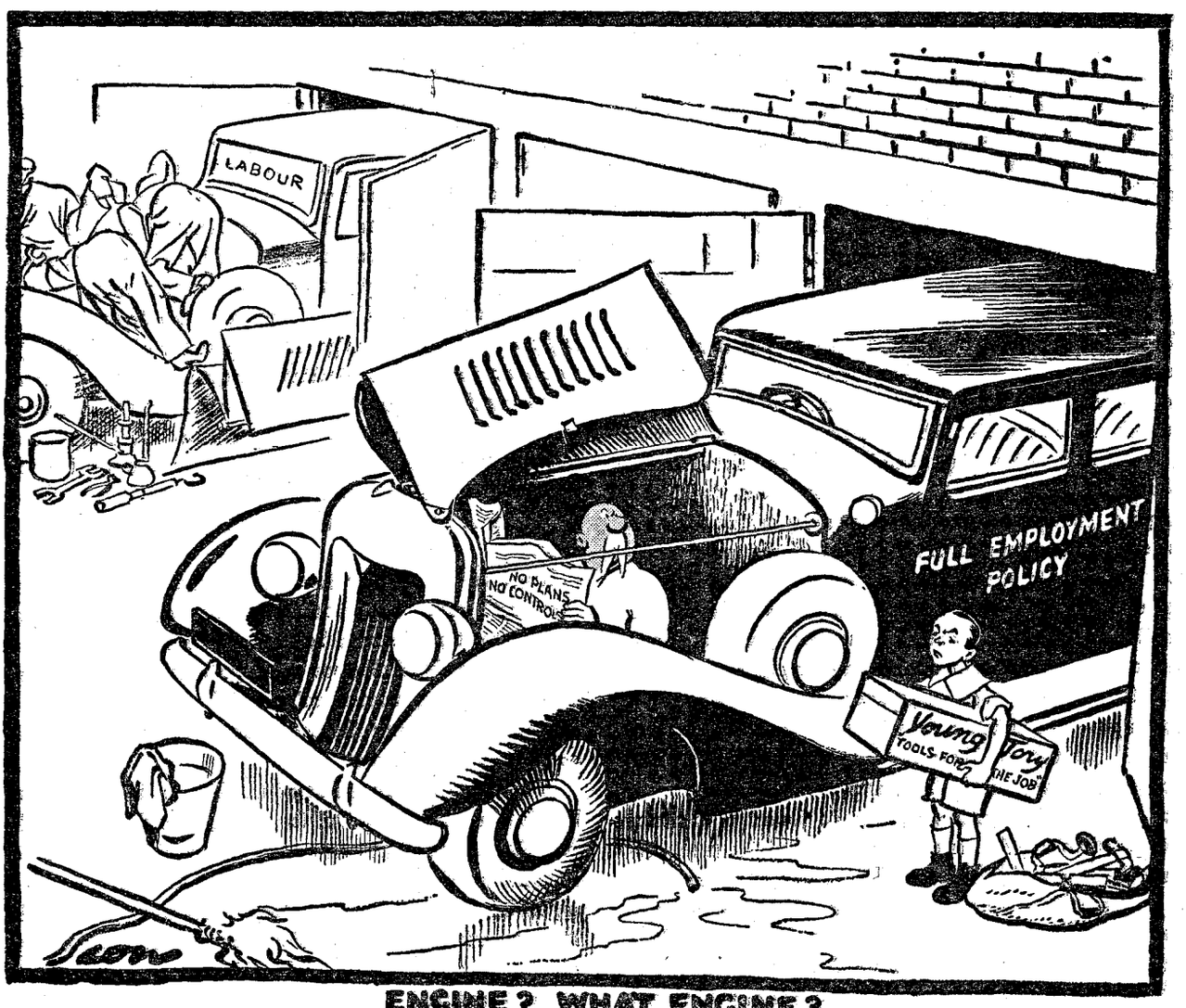
maintaining free enterprise, Judge Vinson goes to the heart of the problem by declaring: "History shows us that business, labor, and agriculture cannot in themselves assure the maintenance of high levels of production and employment. The government . . . must assume this responsibility and take measures broad enough to meet the issues." A distinguished retail business man, Beardsley Ruml, chairman of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, has lent his aid to the bill in another letter to Senator Wagner, which may help to combat the theory put forward—oddly enough—by Senator Taft that full employment can be obtained only under socialism. Needless to say, Taft does not regard this as an argument for socialism but only as an argument against full-employment legislation. While Taft purports to trace the full-employment idea to Section 118 of the Soviet constitution, Ruml says the new bill is "not based on, nor does it owe its origin to, any foreign ideologies, but is an American conception."

The Full Employment bill envisages a new type of supplementary national budget, aimed to insure sufficient purchasing power to make possible the operation of business at full capacity. A graphic attempt to spell out what this would actually mean in terms of private and federal expenditure has been made by the labor-policy committee of the National Planning Association. In a pamphlet study prepared for it by Dr. John H. G. Pierson of the United States Department of Labor the committee has sketched a national budget calling for a post-war national income of $154,500,000,000, supported by $25,600,000,000 in private-investment expenditures and aggregate governmental spending of $30,400,000,000 a year. Consumer expenditures would be lifted to $129,000,000 a year. The report also proposes the annual public investment of $5,000,000,000 in housing, regional development, and social services. So-called compensatory spending by government would be kept to a minimum.

Perhaps the most interesting report of all in this field is embodied in the letter which Secretary of Commerce Wallace has sent to Senator Wagner. This letter provides a vivid statistical picture of the business man's stake in a full-employment economy. After analyzing the huge business losses of the early thirties, Secretary Wallace urges that "when a business depression gets under way or threatens, we do not complacently permit mass unemployment and business bankruptcy when we have the financial resources to prevent these developments and when we have vast need for public improvements."

This is what S 380 intends to do. It would provide a statement of policy and a flexible framework of legislative action and consultation within which full employment could become a realizable goal.



ENGINE? WHAT ENGINE?

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Arrest of "the Six"

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, June 11

THERE are signs of considerable official unhappiness here over the arrest of the editors of *Amerasia,* two State Department aides, a young naval officer, and Mark Julius Gayn, a free-lance writer on Far Eastern affairs. Through friendly channels the news was spread this weekend that neither the Department of Justice nor the FBI was enthusiastic about this assignment, and that they acted on orders from above. It is implied that the "above" is the White House. I cannot vouch for the authenticity of this information, but I can for the reliability of the source. The fact that this story was put in circulation is significant, and indicates that law-enforcement officials are queasy about the whole affair. This queasiness is not at all difficult to understand.

The headlines have been very clear, perhaps too clear for the comfort of certain editors: "FBI Nabs Six as Spies," "War Secret Leaks Widespread." But the actual charges as disclosed to the press corps publicly and in off-the-record conferences are very vague; vague enough, for different reasons, to worry both Department of Justice lawyers and Washington correspondents. For although these arrests were made under certain provisions of the Espionage Act of 1917, it has not been alleged that the persons arrested were spies or that they had revealed military secrets or that they were engaged in anything other than the favorite Washington pastime of letting "confidential" information leak out. If this is a crime, all but a hopelessly inefficient minority of Washington's officials and newspapermen ought to be put in jail.

Fortunately it would be very difficult to put them there under the Espionage Act of 1917, which is far from being the equivalent of an Official Secrets Act. The United States has no Official Secrets Act. The only law under which action can be taken for disclosing confidential information is the Espionage Act. But the 1917 act is a law against espionage, not against gossip, and the provision under which these arrests were made refers to the unlawful disclosure of documents "relating to the national defense." It is difficult to imagine this being stretched by a court to cover memoranda discussing the Chinese political situation, much less transcripts of Japanese radio broadcasts and the other miscellaneous stuff, including even newspaper clippings, which circulate in government offices here stamped "restricted," "confidential," "secret," or "top secret," depending on the whim of the official who wields the stamp.

The best exposé of this case is to be found in the transcripts—available at the State Department—of the press conferences held on and off the record to explain the arrests and their purpose. I recommend a reading of these transcripts to members of Congress who are interested. If anyone thinks I exaggerate when I refer to whimsicality in classifying official documents, I suggest he reads the question and answer at Friday's press conference on the leak of confidential documents from the State Department to Ernest K. Lindley and Edward Weintal for their article in *Harper's* for last December. Acting Secretary Grew was asked, in view of the action taken against the six, whether "any investigation was instituted last December to determine the sources of Lindley's and Weintal's information."

This was, in a sense, a foolish question, since there was one difference between the article in *Harper's* and the articles in *Amerasia.* The former was defending State Department policy toward Franco, while the latter were criticizing recent State Department policy toward China. The department's top officials are constantly "leaking" to their friends, as the writings of Lindley, Arthur Krock, David Lawrence, Frank Kent, and others bear witness. The department objects only when there are leaks to its critics. Grew explained, in reply to the question about the Lindley-Weintal article, that top officials of the department have authority at any time to declassify, on their own judgment, information from "top secret"—the highest, hush-hush—to open information. He would not answer a question as to how far down this right to declassify extended, but it seems obvious that if documents marked "top secret" can be so easily declassified, many of them must contain nothing that is genuinely related to security, unless it be the security of the State Department from criticism.

Irrespective of whether the six arrested are innocent or guilty of something or other, State Department officials have said enough and done enough to indicate their purpose in this prosecution. They have exposed some people of decent and honorable record to a cruel and deadly smear in the rightist press in a campaign the purposes of which are (1) to stop leaks to critics of the State Department, (2) to frighten and get rid of younger officials who disagree with the new policy of giving the Kuomintang a blank check against the Chinese Communists, (3) to foment a red scare that must hurt relations with the Soviet Union, and (4) to prepare the public mind for a conditional "unconditional surrender" of Japan.

There is no reason whatever to believe that this is the President's policy, but it is the policy of the reactionary clique in the department headed by Grew. Some of these men in the years before Pearl Harbor were gulled by the "we-must-save-China-from-communism" line of the Japanese and are themselves spreading the same old line again. The consequences may be serious.

A reflection of this kind of thinking is found in Frank Kent's column A Way Out for Japan, published last Friday. Mr. Kent is an able, conservative journalist with excellent contacts in Washington. It is difficult to believe that he would have written as he did on so serious a subject unless he had authority in responsible sources for the views put forward. Mr. Kent said that if the Japanese surrendered they might be able to keep Korea and Formosa. He indicated that

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he thought we would go easy on Japanese industry. He warned that if the Japanese did not surrender soon, the Russians would be coming into the war, that this would mean a drastic peace for Japan, that the Soviet Union would take Manchuria, and that this would lead to the communization of China. He clearly implied that in this respect the United States and its enemy, Japan, had a common interest against our ally, the Soviet Union. This is the kind of hobgoblin stuff that the Japanese used to hand the American embassy in Tokyo before the war. The State Department seems to be giving it out now.

I believe that the arrest of the six will prove to have been a very rash move on the part of the State Department and the FBI, and that in this case progressive forces have an unusual opportunity to expose and to purge the reactionary clique which continues to dominate the department and the Foreign Service. This is a chance to take the indictment of that clique out of the realm of abstract discussion in the complex field of foreign affairs. If the department drops this case or fails to prove the charges in court, it will stand convicted of a hysterical attack upon its critics in an attempt to prepare the way for a drastic change in our foreign policy. That change can only be brought about in the atmosphere of a red scare so intense as to overcome the lesson taught the American people at Pearl Harbor.

I don't think Grew and Holmes and Dooman and their collaborators of the Scripps-Howard and the Hearst-Patterson-McCormick press will succeed in this plan. To play power politics in the Far East as they propose to play it would cost many American lives. It would cost American lives to encourage the Kuomintang to take more time off from the Japanese war to crush the Chinese reds. It would cost American lives to discourage the Soviet Union from entering the Far Eastern war as our ally. And it would cost American lives in another generation or two if we let the old red bogy deter us from so decisively defeating Japan and so completely transforming Japanese society as to make the rebirth of imperialism there impossible.

In the meantime FBI men have been moving into every department suspected of "leaks" critical of the new trends in official policy toward the Far East. The embassy at Chungking is being purged of men hostile to the anti-Yenan and soft-peace policy. There is good reason to believe that the Kuomintang secret service is cooperating in both Chungking and Washington by providing dossiers on American civilian and military officials suspected of "dangerous thoughts" on Far Eastern policy. I am told in Congressional circles that the Chinese embassy took a hand in the attempt to smear one reputable American official recently with the Civil Service Commission here; the intervention of a Republican Senator forced the commission to lay off. This dangerous drift in Far Eastern policy can only be stopped by the vigorous intervention of the White House and by public pressure on the White House for a shake-up in the Department of State and a full airing of the case against "the six."

The same crowd in Washington that appeased the Japanese before are out to save them now from full defeat, and for much the same reason—the old bulwark-against-you-know-what line.

AMG Plans for Japan

[The letter from which the following excerpts were taken was not intended for publication, but it is so pertinent to the subject discussed by I. F. Stone that we are printing it with the author's permission. His identity must obviously be concealed.]

DEAR SIRS: Being among the officers training for the military government of Japan, I have read the comments of your columnist "Pacificus" on the Far East with considerable interest. I write now in particular reference to the article in which Eugene Dooman of the State Department was mentioned in a rather disparaging manner. Several of us here who have met and heard Mr. Dooman are in full accord with the opinion of Pacificus. Incidentally, I wonder if you have noticed the allusions to Dooman in James R. Young's book, "Behind the Rising Sun." These give adequate substantiation to the view you published.

Some of us here have become increasingly aware of the subtle trend our training has been taking. It is much too shortsighted, too exclusively interested in military expediency, and seems extremely one-sided about political matters. For instance, we are told time and again that the Zaibatsu [an opposition group of large industrialists] will be our sincere friends, that they have always opposed the military, and that we as military governors will find it expedient to control the Japanese economy through them. Such men as Kurt Bloch and Dooman have presented that point of view quite strongly. Frankly, I do not go along with them and I have many reasons for not doing so. To work through the Zaibatsu and intrust them with power would be to fall right into a trap being carefully constructed and baited for us. If we do fall, another Pacific war is entirely conceivable—not a cheerful thought! The Zaibatsu have given financial support to the various militaristic organizations. As an indication of the close cooperation between the Zaibatsu and military groups, there is the fact that just prior to the 1936 mutiny of the young army officers, the members of the larger Zaibatsu families were warned to leave Tokyo.

The suggestion of the Institute of Pacific Relations that the leading industrialists of Japan should be considered war criminals has not been officially mentioned to us. In fact, none of the findings of the Institute's Hot Springs conference have been officially discussed. Why? Because they suggested that we turn to certain liberal groups in Japan for political leadership? To judge by what we are told, all the Zaibatsu are anti-militaristic and more or less pro-American and always have been.

Incidentally, you might be interested in this statement made by Mr. Dooman at the school. He was asked what would be the attitude of the United States should the Communists threaten to take power in Japan. His reply was in effect that we would use methods similar to those employed by the British in Greece. I am not an advocate of communism for this country, far from it. However, it might be that some of the men under Okana, the leader of the Japanese Communists outside Japan, would prove invaluable in the move to give birth to a liberal Japan. In any event I fail to see good reason for the United States to meddle.

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Hotel Behind the Lines

BY KAY BOYLE

II

WE HAD dinner in the mess-hall, meat and carrots and white American bread, and red Italian wine —the Colonel, the Major, and I. It was the Major who had the jeep waiting at nine in the hotel's moonlit square, and he said goodby to us there. Colonel Sarett, with his cheeks shaven clean and his fresh clothes on, followed me in over the jeep's side and sat down beside me on the boards of the back seat. The doors and the sideflaps were buttoned on, for the night was cool, and our coats were belted around us. The address I gave the corporal at the wheel was not Mario's address; it was the name of the street and the villa where Mario would be.

"He said he would be there with his friend, the newspaperman, tonight," I said to Colonel Sarett, and the jeep took the corner of the square and jerked into the narrow street. "A man called Valdarno," I said. "They can tell me exactly how things are in Italy."

"Who the devil would Mario be?" said the Colonel.

Mario's mother was English, and his father had been Italian; I had known them in Florence eight years ago, I said. There had been an older brother then, a boy called Michele, who had played the mandolin and sung. He was nineteen when I knew him, and very beautiful—a good swimmer, a good runner—and he had gone to boarding-school in England and liked it there.

"What school did he go to?" asked the Colonel in spite of himself.

"That has nothing to do with it," I said in impatience.

"Very well," said the Colonel as we rode, and he drew the skirts of his overcoat around him. "I merely wanted to know."

"They live up on the hill, in the same house still, Mario told me when I telephoned tonight," I said, and I could see it clearly. There were almond and mimosa and olive trees growing fresh on the slope below it, and two little stone-walled terraces baked hard by the sun, with the shade of the cypresses marked sharp and conical, as dark as if drawn in ink, upon the terraces' pure white. "It was in the autumn, early October, of 1937, and the English mother set off for a day or two in Rome. And Michele came to the door, and he was angry, he was in a rage. His mother wrote me all this afterward," I said. "He called out after his mother as she left not to forget to bring him back some tennis shoes from Rome. 'For the damned Fascist relay races—I have to have them for the relay races,' was what he said."

"The night of the day she left, Mario came down into Florence for a concert," I said, "and he left Michele alone in the house. And then he did it."

"He did what?" asked Colonel Sarett, and his voice was a little shocked, as though he knew exactly what was to come.

"He shot himself. He killed himself," I said. "Mario came home from the concert, and there was a letter on the table, with Michele's cameo ring lying on it. The letter just said that he had had trouble finding the gun, and after he'd found it, it was so rusty that he didn't know if it would work. But it did work."

We were out of the city now, and the jeep was moving tentatively along what was no longer street but road, as if feeling its way across the temporary planks of the bridges, and between the moon-blanched walls. Then it came to a stop before a gate.

The house lay close to the road beyond the garden wall, bright white and palace-like under the moon, the substance of it seemingly too lambent for stone. Colonel Sarett rang the bell, and as we waited the trees stood close around us, motionless, fragrant, and mysteriously leafed.

"In another month the nightingales will be singing," Colonel Sarett said. He had taken his cap off, and the moonlight lay in a sharp, metallic blade across his lightish hair. "The presence of a thought," he said in a low voice, "is like the presence of a woman we love. Schopenhauer and the moonlight making me eloquent again," he added in quick apology. Then the door opened, and I saw it was Mario, eight years older, standing hesitant in the dimly lit hall.

"I hope it wasn't too difficult to find the villa," Mario said, and he closed the door behind us. Inside it was colder than it had been outside in the evening air. Mario said that Valdarno was upstairs waiting; he said that if it had not been for the state of Valdarno's health, and the lack of transportation, they would have saved me the trip out and come in to the hotel themselves. "But there are no buses, and no way of getting from one place to another," he said, "and Valdarno is not well."

Mario seemed a shy man, and at first you believed that he was shy, this delicate, slightly stooping figure with the wealth of black hair on his Latin head. You believed it until he began to speak, with his large, dark, fearless eyes on you, and then you knew that it was something more admirable than timidity which marked his bearing and the features of his face.

"Valdarno was imprisoned, you know, because of the articles he wrote," he said, and he lowered his voice a little as we started up the stairs. "A friend has lent this place to Valdarno and his wife," he said. "When Florence was liberated, Valdarno was set free, but he was penniless and he had no house in which to live." At the top of the first cold, echoing flight, he turned to the door on the right of the hall, and laid his hand on the iron latch. "He is extremely eager to meet you," he said before he opened it, and his voice was low. "We want to know what is happening in other countries—in France, America," Mario said, and he turned his head and smiled at us, a quick, gentle, half-apologetic smile.

Valdarno sat alone in the room, seated by a table on which the lamp was lighted and shone dimly, and his wild black eyes were fixed upon the door. When we entered, he stood up, trembling a little, his chest concave behind the façade

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of the gray tweed jacket, and he shook our hands and spoke our names.

"Sit down, sit down, please," he said. He spoke in English to us, turning in agitation and uncertainty from empty chair to chair. "My wife, unfortunately, is not here. She works at the telephone company at night. Here is a chair, Signora," he said, and he leaned to it, and drew it forward in his trembling hands. "And for the officer—for the Colonel," he murmured, and he was turning like a swift, dark animal from side to side. There was a fine, black, silky mustache under his long, narrow nose, and his lips were thin-skinned and of a red so precarious that it seemed the blood might spring from them if he spoke his words too loud. "For the officer, the large chair here—"

"Please be seated, Signor Valdarno," Colonel Sarett said, and suddenly, at these words, the flurry of movement ceased in the room. Valdarno, his eyes fixed as if in fright on the Colonel, sat slowly down in his chair. Colonel Sarett undid the belt of his trench-coat, unbuttoned it without haste, and drew his arms from the sleeves. "I ask you please to forgive my coming here, Signor Valdarno," he said, and he spoke Italian to him, speaking it softly, and quickly, and well. He was leaning forward as he talked, his elbows on his knees, his fingers interlaced, as if in this bowed position he somehow discounted the breadth and the depth of his own chest as he faced Valdarno, and the display of ribbon on it. "I'm down for a few hours from the front," he said, "and I wish you would go on talking exactly as if I were not here. I came because I wished to be with the Signora, and because it is good to be with men who are not in uniform for a little while."

He had made his explanation, he had offered his apology, and I wondered a moment; and then, as Mario began speaking again, the thing became clear. Not to Valdarno, and not to Mario, and not to himself was Colonel Sarett merely a man come in from the moonlight to sit and hear them talk of their country, or their country's shame, or to speak of their country's future. He was not a man come casually, briefly in of an evening as any visitor might have come. He was something else, and he did not like the role he had been given. He was the Army, he was the British Army; he wore its uniform, he wore its honors pinned on his breast, and nothing could take the look of it away. To them, and even to himself sitting there in the badly lighted, the unheated room, he was the Army with its ear to the ground for the subterranean whispers; the Army with its machine-guns leveled; the Army prepared to wipe out the weak and the hungry and the desperate as they came.

"We can talk of nothing but Roatta's escape," Mario was saying, quietly, evenly, as if with intention. "We can think of nothing else just now—I suppose because of the symbol it offers, the play within the play. The proceedings of Roatta's trial would have stripped the story of all but its essential drama and made it simple enough for everyone to have understood. The story, I mean," he said quietly, "of the criminal policies which ravaged this country for more than twenty years and brought her to disaster. We could have enacted in that trial—the courtroom as stage, the people of the world as spectators, and all the players perfectly cast—the history of our shame and our atonement."

"It's been a match set to tinder, that rotter getting out," said Colonel Sarett. "Demonstrations in Rome, students marching in protest—" *The kind of conflagration,* said the silence when he had ceased to speak, *that we British have extinguished with such generous mercy*; and as his voice broke off, the Colonel chewed nervously at his mustache an instant.

"Our government," Mario went on saying, "has created the climate for evasion. The accomplices in Roatta's flight are men who are still in high places, and who feared the revelations he would make—"

And *Hush,* said the furtive silence in Valdarno's face, *hush, hush now, Mario. These things are true, they are all true, but before the British uniform they cannot be said.* And Colonel Sarett sat, leaning forward, his fingers interlaced, his eyes on Mario.

"The farce we are enacting here in Italy—the farce, instead of serious, responsible theater," Mario was saying, "the monstrous farce of purging ourselves clean! Do you know how many public figures southern Italy has executed?" he said, and he looked at us, half-smiling. "One, precisely one," he said, and he lifted the forefinger of his right hand. "Free Italy has executed one man of all those accused of specific crimes committed at a specific time. At his trial Roatta, former Italian Chief of Staff, head of the Military Intelligence Office, one of the most iniquitous and murderous organizations in the world, Lieutenant General Roatta testified that he had organized two Fascist brigades called the Black Arrows and the Blue Arrows to support Franco, but declared that he himself was neither Fascist nor anti-Fascist but an Italian general who obeyed his government whatever its color might be. He said that he had once helped many Polish soldiers and more than five thousand Jews who were wanted by the Nazis. Do you see how they are going to try to save their skins?" said Mario. "Now if our slate is to be sponged clean," he said, and his clear, dark, sober eyes were on me, "then one must begin at the top and wash down the slate, as we did when we were school children. Thus, we should begin with the King—only, of course, that is absolutely unheard of. Too many Englishmen like our King—they are really devoted to our King. So, obviously, we cannot begin at all."

Hush, said the unspoken anguish in Valdarno's face. *Do not bare yourself like this before him. Do not betray us all into his hands.* "And the King," Mario went on, "recognizing himself in private as the perfect representation of our public treason and shame, hastily retired, hoping that if he got out of sight quickly enough the Italian people would not have the time to get a really good look at what he was. He decided, our little King, he decided very quaintly and humanly that it would be very silly indeed to execute himself, and probably quite unnecessary," Mario said, and then, abruptly, he ceased speaking, and the humor was gone, and only the bitterness was left to pull at the corners of his young mouth. *To execute himself,* said the silence; *to execute himself,* and Mario sat motionless, and he stared straight at the floor. And it might have been that the figure of Michele lay there on the boards, in the little lake of blood as he had found him eight years before—lay there, eternally nineteen, eternally silent, the voice no longer impatiently asking for tennis shoes for the Fascist relay races, and the pistol lying near his hand.

"You know, here in Italy a great many good and brave

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people have died," Mario said. "They died," he said, "and their lives and their deaths have become the words of a kind of vocabulary of violence for us, and now there is no other vocabulary that men of honor can use—"

And *Hush, do not say it so loudly,* said Valdarno's eyes as they moved in trepidation from Mario's to the Colonel's face. *We have come through prison, starvation, through torture for it. Do not give it all away to him now, do not lay your heart in his hand.*

"We speak the same language," Colonel Sarett said, and because of the modest sound of petition in what he said, it might have been he who wore the thin-soled, ancient shoes and the shabby coat. *Allow me,* he did not add, *to address you not as a unit, but as a man. Overlook the khaki and tin and the record,* his humility asked of them, but he did not say the words aloud.

"And yet one would scarcely say that it was English," said Mario bitterly. "Roatta's escape was a match set to tinder, as you said—Fascist riots in prison, buses turned over and burned. The police have been denying ever since the alleged mass escapes from the Soriano del Cimino and the Vierbo prison, and when a situation comes to the point of denials, it means that something is about to happen. It will have to happen—it will have to happen in spite of the English and because of the English, in order to save Italy from the fate of Greece—"

Hush, for God's sake, keep quiet, said Valdarno's agitated silence, and he turned one more look of desperation on Mario. Then he leaned toward me and spoke a few low, hurried words across the light. "And France?" he said. "In France how is the *épuration* going?"

I said there were trials, sentences passed, executions every week: prefects, mayors, journalists—the little men. The big men in France had not yet been touched—the industrialists were still to be taken into custody. And as I spoke, Valdarno watched the shape of the words on my lips and shaped them in silence with his own; watching eagerly, harking, waiting for the small, faint sound of promise or hope that might be in them, as a famished man might wait at a table for what crumbs of sustenance might fall.

"Puységur has been condemned to death," I said. "Stéphane Lauzanne has been given twenty years' hard labor. General Pinsard escaped capital punishment. No one quite knows why. Two of Mandel's murderers are to be executed—"

It was like a bar of music begun, the notes struck separately, precisely, but not completed, and as I ceased speaking, the rest of the tune hung curiously unplayed between us on the air. They ask for purity, the young men of Europe, I thought; they ask for the *épuration* of their countries and their souls.

Valdarno leaned one emaciated arm in the gray tweed jacket on the table beneath the light, and his long, fleshless fingers tapped quickly, nervously on the wood.

"Signora, we are not like the French," he said in a low voice, looking as if in entreaty at me. "We are less spirited, humbler, and we have been cripples for a quarter of a century now. We have been very ill," he said, and his bright red lips were trembling with intensity. "We still are not quite able to get up from bed and make our way across the room to the window where we know the light and air must be. Signora," he said, "we are just beginning to get well again, we are just learning now to get our pride back, but we are still unsteady when we try to stand alone. We need you, you Americans. Do not leave us yet. We need you until we can learn to do the mere physical things, like eating and drinking, for ourselves again. Signora," he said, and the wounds were there, unhealed still, the avowal of their pain marked in his eyes. "Do not leave us, you Americans. Do not leave us for a little while—"

"Blast it, there's no need to ask favors of any of us," Colonel Sarett cried out, and he jumped up from his chair. "The number of patriots fighting the Germans in northern Italy is twice that of the Italian regular army troops." He turned back and forth, impatient now with inaction, back and forth across the floor. "I tell you I've got an army up there on the front, an army that is fighting, damn it, bearing arms and fighting. We have camps set up where we're reclothing, re-equipping them as fast as they come. I'm talking of Italians, Italian partisans," he cried out. "They've established their own airfields at Cuneo and Pinerolo—behind the enemy lines. That's a resistance movement for you. More than two hundred and fifty thousand of them dead, resisting—"

"My sister and brother died with them," Valdarno said, and his pale hand on the table trembled, and the lamp's light shone dimly on his bloodless nails.

"Look here, Signor," said Colonel Sarett, and his voice was quieter now. He sat down on the chair again before Valdarno, leaning forward, the singular fire and vision in his eye. "There's a question on the boards now about a batch of Italian POW's interned down south. I want to get them, give them a battlefront, make men out of them," he said.

"What kind of men?" asked Valdarno, and his black, desperate eyes were halted as if in fear on the Colonel.

"Men," said the Colonel impatiently. "Men taking their part in this bloody show. Thirty thousand of them," he said, and he leaned forward, watching Valdarno eagerly. "I'm going to try through channels to get hold of them, fit them out, march them up here into the mountains with me—"

"And when the war is finished," said Mario's bitter voice; "when the north of Italy is liberated and they and the other free men come marching down on Rome to protest our decadent government, will British machine-guns be turned on them as they were turned on the people of Greece?"

"If they turn their blasted machine-guns on the partisans," said Colonel Sarett, and he had got to his feet again, "then they'll turn them on me as well, for I'll be marching with them. Out of thirty thousand," he went back to it as he paced in the room, "we can count on a third of them at least being rebels, and that leaves two-thirds of them fools, but rebels are far more eloquent than fools, and they'll do the job, a smashing job," he said.

"What job?" asked Valdarno, and his voice was cautious, and his eye was on the Colonel warily.

"The job of saving a country, blast it. This country, Italy," the Colonel cried out, and when I looked at Valdarno, I saw that the thing had happened to him: he had dropped his head forward on his hand, and the tears were running down his face.

[*The first part of Miss Boyle's story was printed in last week's issue.*]

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Why Germany Lost

BY MAJOR H. A. DEWEERD

IT IS still too early to derive more than first impressions from the German military collapse. Yet the defeat and disintegration of what was once the strongest army in the world provoke speculation as to the causes of its ignominious and disorderly end. British and American troops have fought the German army for a number of years, and certain tentative conclusions may be drawn from their experience. Our joint operations leading to the German defeat in the west will go down in history as among the greatest military achievements of all time. Yet, in the nature of things, we could not have succeeded without the magnificent accomplishments of our Russian allies. From 1941 to 1945 the Red Army battled against the main military forces of the European Axis. In nearly four years of sanguinary fighting, to use the words of Churchill, "it tore the guts out of the German army." We shall do well to remember these things in any discussion of the Anglo-American triumph in the west.

The basic causes for the German defeat were alike in the east and the west. A strategy of over-extension arising from the political dynamism of the Nazi movement and the vagaries of the Führer's leadership progressively reduced the strength of the German military position from June, 1941, on. Before the attack on Russia Germany was in an unassailable military position on the European continent and had to all intents and purposes won the Second World War. Under no conceivable circumstances could Britain alone defeat both Germany and Italy. Yet Hitler had no program or equipment for crossing the twenty-mile tank trap of the Channel. When Britain continued the war and Hitler blundered into a life-and-death struggle against Russia, the basic unity of Germany's strategic doctrine was shattered. Heretofore the Reich had aimed at the military annihilation of its enemies. After June 21, 1941, it followed a divided strategic plan—of annihilation, against Russia; of attrition, against Britain.

Hitler's mad gamble which plunged Germany in 1941 into war with the two strongest industrial and military powers in the world, Soviet Russia and the United States of America, sealed the doom of Germany. Sober German military leaders had repeatedly warned against such madness. Writing of the German defeat in 1918, General Hans von Seeckt, creator of the Reichswehr, pointed to "the graves of countless thousands of German soldiers far from home which stood as solemn witnesses against those who [in 1914-18] had attempted to raise German might beyond human limits and had ended by destroying the very foundations of Germany's strength." Ludendorff staked the future of the German Empire on the chance that the mighty military potential of the United States could be kept from the battlefields of Europe by a relatively simple mechanical device—the U-boat. Hitler, after all his boasting about avoiding the mistakes of 1917-18, repeated this fatal error in 1941.

In the political field the Nazi concept of a "New Order" underlay the effort first to conquer and then to hold the whole continent of Europe from North Cape to Crete and from the Volga to the Pyrenees. A leadership less concerned with ideological ends would have been freer to admit occasional failures and to trim its program. But the Nazis had to keep on expanding or admit that the mainspring of their revolution had run down.

From the military standpoint the program of Nazi expansion seemed to offer certain immediate if temporary advantages. It appeared possible in 1941-43 for Germany to pillage all of Europe's resources and dragoon its people into forced labor. To the Nazi mind this promised to offset Russian and American superiority in the field of military production. In addition, it was attractive as the most colossal program of outright robbery in the world's history.

In the realm of human relationships the Nazis' arrogance and cruelty contributed to the temporary nature of their control over Europe. In three years of triumphant dealing with conquered peoples and with their own allies the Germans did not make a single trustworthy friend. In the end every ally turned its arms against the Third Reich. Not a single subject people was won over. The Nazi record is one of psychological stupidity, savagery, and bad faith unequaled in the annals of war. Nations have seldom been defeated in the past without winning the sympathy of outside peoples, as in the case of France in 1871 and 1940. Germany's downfall in 1945 was the occasion of rejoicing everywhere—except in Tokyo.

In 1941 Germany possessed the strongest single armed force in the world. Its armored divisions, tactical air force, and infantry divisions were so superior to any western army that the German people's conviction of its invincibility was shared by a good many military commentators and critics outside the Reich. In defeating Poland and France the Third Reich had triumphed over two nations possessing armies of the 1918 vintage. In doing so it revealed the pattern of its war effort and showed the world what was necessary in order to defeat it. Britain, Russia, and the United States actually learned more from the defeat of Poland and France than Germany did, for the latter did not alter its war pattern or appreciably increase the scale of its war effort until 1943. Then it was too late. By that time Germany had lost so much ground in relation to the developing war effort and technique of the United Nations that it was never able to attain a status of equality in the air or on the ground.

In the realm of military leadership the supreme mistake made by Hitler in attacking Russia was to assume that the methods and equipment which won against weak opponents in the limited-area warfare in the west would be sufficient to destroy the Soviet Union in a war of great spaces. A second major mistake was made by Hitler when, in the face of his repulse before Moscow in December, 1941, and the terrible winter of 1941-42, he thought that he could still win the war against Russia in the *next* campaign with the same weapons

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and methods that had failed in 1941. Like the military leaders of 1914-18, whose narrow professionalism he had often ridiculed, Hitler called for more men and more weapons but not for new ideas, new war methods, or a revolutionary intensification of the national war effort. An often overlooked but most important fact about the German defeat is that the Third Reich went down to disaster from 1941 to 1945 *without making really sweeping changes in its war methods or equipment.* Buzz-bombs and jet aircraft turned out to be mere window trimming in the undertaker's parlor. Germany was never able to raise the level of its war effort to a point where it met the approximate needs of the situation.

Perhaps one deterrent to a future revival of authoritarian regimes in Europe will be the gradually increasing consternation with which the war-weary and defeated Germans will learn the truth about the incompetence of their vaunted leaders. It was an incompetence whose evil effects could not be offset by the fanatical bravery of German troops, the ox-like tenacity of bomb-harassed civilians, or the admitted brilliance of the German minor military leadership.

When Hitler relieved Field Marshal Walther von Brauchitsch and assumed personal command as *Feldherr* of the Third Reich on December 21, 1941, the evils of military dilettantism were extended from the strategic to the tactical level. In the face of the Red Army's winter counter-offensive, Hitler tossed out of the window time-tested German military doctrines and introduced a military novelty which proved characteristic of all German campaigns after that time. He adopted a policy of allowing German units to be encircled and cut off by Russian troops and of ordering them to fight on until relieved. He may have received his first inspiration from the Russians, whose encircled or by-passed units fought on till they made contact with partisan forces. This new tactic was given the awkward name of *sich einigeln*—to "hedgehog oneself in"—by Hitler himself. Later the term *Einkesselung* came to be used. In terms of battlefield events, the tactic meant that a large German force at Kholm under General Scherer and the entire German Second Corps at Valdai under General Brockdorff were ordered to *kesseln* themselves in during the winter of 1941-42 and wait for a German relief offensive in the spring. As fate would have it, Hitler's first attempt to put this plan in practice was a partial success. The hedgehogs at Kholm and Valdai, in the north, were relieved in the spring of 1942, although at heavy cost. Strategically the experiment was not worth the effort because the only major German offensive in 1942 took place on the southern front toward Stalingrad. From the standpoint of national morale and prestige the tactic paid temporary dividends, but these led to fatal repetitions of the experiment. Kholm and Valdai were followed by *Kessels* at Stalingrad, the Kuban bridgehead, the Channel ports, Crete, Norway, and the Ruhr.

In the end we witnessed the ridiculous military spectacle of German forces resisting at such distant points as Crete and Jersey while the German homeland was being overrun by Russian and Allied forces. Whole armies were sacrificed to defend areas unessential to the main military effectiveness of the Reich. Amateur strategy could not, even by the wildest torture of the imagination, conjure up a situation more at variance with sound conduct or principles of war. The *Götterdämmerung* of death and destruction deliberately inflicted upon the German homeland by the Nazis through these methods is meaningful only in ideological terms. From a military standpoint it was madness.

History will undoubtedly show that the Nazi regime, which prided itself on speed in getting things done, lost the war by the slowness with which it responded to the changed military situation after 1942. The Nazi high command did not in fact begin the total mobilization of German manpower or industry until after the Stalingrad disaster of 1943. The order of battle of the German army from that time on shows many signs of hasty improvisation and reveals a frantic effort to turn non-Germans into Wehrmacht and S. S. troops. Preoccupation with Nazi Party interests led to favoritism in handling Waffen S. S. units as compared to the regular Wehrmacht. Thus the basic unity of the German war machine was undermined just as it met its first really great tests.

Germany's gross underestimation of the war production and military efficiency of the United Nations is revealed in every phase of the war from 1943 on. The Luftwaffe program in particular showed that the German high command failed to anticipate the speed at which the Allied air forces were to develop. Proof of this is seen in the retention of obsolescent plane types in the German service up to the last and the attempt to integrate these ancient crates into a program which also included super-fast jet planes. Jet planes, V-bombs, and rockets were no substitute for real air power.

We used to hear a good deal of ill-advised talk about the Luftwaffe as the ideal air force. While the German armies were conquering Poland and France, it was fashionable for air-power writers to base their pleas for a separate air force on the fact that the Luftwaffe was such an arm; since the Germans were winning, we should imitate it. At the risk of being repetitious it may be helpful to emphasize once more that the Luftwaffe was essentially a *tactical* air force and was organized and operated as such. When it was opposed by qualitatively superior Allied *tactical and strategic* air forces, it was doomed. It could protect neither German industry nor its own bases from destructive attack. The eventual defeat of Germany in the west was foreshadowed in June, 1944, when the Luftwaffe could not provide enough reconnaissance to warn the German high command where the invasion of France would take place. The long lines of Allied transports and landing craft crowding the narrow seas between Britain and the Cotentin Peninsula on June 5-6, 1944, provided a target beyond a bomber-force commander's wildest dreams. Yet these ships went about their business almost without interference from the German air force.

As they were too late in mobilizing their man-power and industry, the Nazis were too late in putting underground enough key aircraft plants properly to defend the Reich or to allow their armies to fight a war of movement on approximately equal terms with the Western allies. They were too late in preparing the Atlantic Wall, despite all the efforts of the German Propaganda Ministry to publicize it as an impenetrable barrier. When we landed on the Cotentin Peninsula, the beach obstacles were not completed, batteries earmarked for this area were not all mounted, and the defenses were in such limited depth that once the beaches were passed, terrain features provided the only defensible lines.

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In any analysis of the causes of the German defeat some mention should be made of the really marvelous aptitude of the Nazi regime for thinking up military gadgets, trick weapons, and for relying on them to produce a decision when only orthodox military measures could bring success. Besides contributing in a very great way to their ultimate defeat by using up German resources that could ill be spared, this program provided almost endless opportunities for certain military critics to hold forth harmlessly on the alleged backwardness of American military equipment.

This gadget-making program—this military get-rich-quick legerdemain—produced an astonishing array of mechanical doodle-bugs, flying bombs, piggy-back aircraft, and stratosphere whizz-bangs, but it did not avert the German defeat. It was often very painful and in some cases made matters militarily awkward for the Allies, but it could not tip the scales in favor of the Nazis in 1944-45. In saying this I do not imply that long-range rocket weapons may not profoundly affect the nature of war in the future but simply point out what every military student knows—namely, that few if any weapons produce decisive results in their experimental phases.

Once the Allied armies were firmly ashore on the European continent the real battle in the west began. Because the German high command could not envisage the engineering resources and skill which enabled us to land and supply advancing armies over open beaches, and because in the face of our air supremacy it could not move its men and machines with a speed equal to ours, it could not fight on equal terms once we were landed. When the German armies in the west came into contact with the Anglo-American forces, they were inferior in over-all military efficiency—and they were defeated. True, they possessed tanks with wider treads and heavier armor than any Allied tanks in operation at that time, but they lost the battles of Normandy, the battles of France, the battles of the West Wall, the battles of the Rhine, and the battles of Germany. After surrendering himself to the United States Ninth Army on April 25, Lieutenant General Kurt Dittmar, radio spokesman for the Nazi high command, admitted that "the Third Reich had lost the war militarily when it failed to stop the Normandy invasion."

Having captured the headquarters records of the German Seventh Army in France, we now know how great the inferiority of the Germany army was. It could not move its armored forces on anything like the schedules set; its communications were disrupted; its units were isolated; and its general management was hampered by the ignorance of true conditions under which all officers operated—from the youngest lieutenant to Hitler himself. It could not bridge streams, string communication wires, exploit an opportunity as quickly as the Allied armies. It could not feed its own men, care for its wounded, or supply its forces as well as we could. In brief, it could not do the things which the Allied armies could do—and that is the payoff in war.

For a time in late December, 1944, and early January, 1945, the progress of Rundstedt's surprise offensive in the Ardennes semed to belie these statements. Yet this attack was a prestige- and time-gaining affair which cost the Nazis more than it was worth. At best it delayed the ultimate fate of the Reich by only sixty days. When that offensive was stopped, the Allied armies began to advance, fought their way through the West Wall, the Saar, the Palatinate, and without pause crossed the Rhine and sprang the biggest trap in history around some 400,000 German troops in the Ruhr. Thereafter the Allied armies progressively cut the German army and the Reich into pieces. These were military achievements of the highest order.

The utter moral rottenness of the Nazi regime and the army was revealed in the craven surrenders of German officers—in many cases after ordering their men to resist to the death—and in the concentration- and prisoner-camp horrors which the army permitted to exist and in some cases controlled. In its defeat and disgrace the German army reaffirmed the ancient truth that the greatness of an army lies in the moral foundations upon which it is built.

In the Wind

PAT M. NEFF, president of Baylor University, Waco, Texas, thus addressed the graduating class at commencement exercises May 29, as quoted in the Houston *Chronicle*: "Baylor University has been a narrow-minded institution for 100 years, and as long as I'm connected with Baylor it will remain a narrow-minded institution. . . . I want to assure the trustees . . . that Baylor is stepping into its second century with no 'isms.' . . . If anything is a threat today, it's broad-mindedness."

LAWRENCE C. SALTER has resigned as director of public relations for the American Medical Association and organized his own public-relations firm. One of his partners is William Fishbein, brother of Dr. Morris Fishbein, editor of the *Journal of the American Medical Association.*

DR. ROBERT F. GALBRAITH, president of Westminster College, New Wilmington, Pennsylvania, offered this advice to students now in the armed forces, in the May 18 issue of the *Holcad,* student newspaper: "We will continue to register sweet, beautiful young women and decent, gentlemanly men. But they will not look the same to you when you come again. You have truly 'grown up' since you walked the paths at Westminster. You have experienced much. Students will have experienced nothing beyond the little routine of college life. . . . So when you come again . . . won't you come understanding the difference you will find? . . . After all, isn't it better to have our girls sweet and fine and not even aware what life can be like? I feel it is."

PUT YOUR MIND AT REST. This is the economic future forecast by the *United States News* of June 1: "Worry about economic problems can be postponed beyond this term, even beyond the next White House term. There may be only a few big problems. Cotton will be one. We tell you of that on page 13. Another will relate to social security and unemployment. Plans in that field are explained on page 15."

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind. One dollar will be paid for each item accepted.*]

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BOOKS and the ARTS

PARIS REGAINED

BY CYRIL CONNOLLY

III

LEAVING honey-tongued Eluard, splenetic Aragon, and the politico-literary staffs of *Lettres Françaises, Action, Liberté, Carrefour, Combat, Front National,* and many other bellicose and brilliant newspapers to take care of the French resistance, let us explore some of the quieter corners of the battlefield.

We might do worse than pay a visit to the Cafe de Flore. This pleasant haunt has now become a kind of literary *bourse.* The brokers are the editors who sit round with their *sommaires* or contents page of the new magazine they are going to bring out (when they can get the paper!), and these *sommaires,* which are handed round and discussed like a V-Day menu, are the curb prices of literary reputations. Each *sommaire* contains the same names, and many of the writers are in attendance. That excitable southern figure is Pierre Seghers, of Villeneuve-les-Avignon, whose magazine *Poésie* was the best of the occupational monthlies and famous for its equivocal anti-German and anti-Vichy contents. Seghers is the leader of a group of young poets and one of the bravest of them. With him is André Fréneaud, a solid young Burgundian whose French has almost an English accent and who was a prisoner of war before joining the resistance, and Loys Massan, one of the youngest and most gifted of the group. They are joined by Bertelé of *Confluences,* a magazine edited at Lyon and suppressed by Vichy, which has also published some interesting books. His *sommaire* includes a new poem by Michaux and part of a long philosophical study of Baudelaire's dandyism which Sartre is preparing. Sartre is absent from his favorite table, though generally he remains there most of the day, but his friend Mme de Beauvoir—herself the author of a novel, "L'Invitée," about the whole ambience of the Flore—will show you his *sommaire* for the new magazine he is going to edit, which will have a sociological and political as well as a literary character, like Dwight Macdonald's *Politics.* Koestler and Orwell are the writers about whom she asks for information. Sartre occupies a dominating position in the world of French literature today. He is to its prose what Eluard is to its poetry. It is a position which is criticized, for his philosophy is most obscure, and there is something Central European about his pessimistic thought which antagonizes. But taken as a philosopher, a novelist, a dramatist, and a critic, his bulk is enormous, and tends to obscure perhaps the younger and equally gifted Camus, also all of these four things and editor as well of the newspaper *Combat.* "Les Mouches" and "Huis Clos" of Sartre, "L'Etranger" and "Caligula" of Camus ("Le Malentendu" is a little too much) are real literary achievements, fascinating to read, deeply original and stimulating.

At another table is Max-Pol Fouchet, the gay young inspirer of *Fontaine,* discussing his *sommaire* with Pierre Emmanuel. Like Sartre a professor of philosophy, Emmanuel, who is a non-stop talker and arguer, commands several media, but unlike Sartre, he is a strong Catholic and a great admirer of Jouve. They are joined by Jean Lescure, a saturnine and gifted poet who edits both the poetry on the French wireless and also an admirable magazine, *Messages,* which is the best of the poetry productions, though lacking the important *chroniques* aspect of the monthly *Poésie.* At another table is Thierry Maulnier, whose quarterly *La Table Ronde* is a model of expensive printing and rivals the magnificent *Arbalète,* which is edited, printed, and published by one man, Marc Barbezat of Lyon. *La Table Ronde* includes some of the last writings and drawings of Max Jacob, whose terrible death in a concentration camp, wearing the Jew's yellow star, shocked the whole civilized world. It also includes a very long poem by Cocteau, "Léone," whose verse the Master describes as "marchant à pneu crevé," like a car on three wheels. It is a strange limping, somnambulant poem in which all the imagery from his other works parades past him in a waking dream, with Léone elusively personifying his muse. Cocteau you will not see at the Flore, but that smiling and somewhat rough-looking character is Jean Genet, whom Cocteau befriended, and who is the author of the extraordinary "Notre Dame des Fleurs," part of which is published in the eighth number of the *Arbalète.* Jean Genet, who has been in and out of prison most of his life, has managed to produce a novel which makes "Voyage au bout de la nuit," "Tropic of Cancer," and all stories of the milieu and the underworld read like Orphan Annie. It is a passionate, lyrical, and criminal book, and reminds one of those photographs of murderers with a huge *fatalitas* tattooed across their chest. It is the last word in the poetry of homosexual, anti-social outlaws, because the society against which Genet rebels is an unhealthy one, and because he happens to have been born a poet.

But now it is time to leave the Flore, to pay for our *jus de raisin, viandox,* or beer. There are still several *sommaires* we haven't seen—that of the charming anthologist Parisot, with his new magazine *Quatre Vents* and his *Vrilles*—and still several more writers we would like to meet: the fantastical poet Prévert, "ah, il est marron, lui," and the more somber Georges Bataille, the post-Nietzschean essayist and one-time editor of the extraordinary *Acéphale.* And it would not be a long walk to call on Picasso in that high studio where the world's last great alchemist turns our dross into gold, or to visit the apartment where his friend Henri Michaux, a somewhat sadistic magician, applies his verbal technique to a general Chinese slicing operation on the bourgeois personality. Or to linger in the sacred rue de l'Odéon, where those two bilingual sirens who have so long enchanted us with all that is best in two literatures, Sylvia Beach and Adrienne Monnier, still decoy. But time is short, we have a last date with Gallimard in his magnificent new office, once Talleyrand's hotel. Here is one more group of non-political literary explorers, who have come to visit Paulhan (he has a *sommaire,* too, for he is soon to get back the *N. R. F.*).

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Paulhan, like Eluard, Sartre, and Michaux, is another prince in the world of letters, an impassioned critic of poetry and painting whose quiet high voice, like Lytton Strachey's, can strike terror, especially when it strikes at terrorists. (His "Fleur de Tarbes, ou la Terreur dans les lettres," is a brilliant attack on the Puritans and anti-literary philosophical pedants who would banish from literature the graces which they neither possess nor comprehend.) Paulhan, a pillar of the resistance movement, is deploring the bad effects on literature of coming into the open again. Art benefits by being clandestine and subversive, he is saying; all writers write best under another name. With him is Francis Ponge, the creator of an extraordinary kind of prose poem, both lyrical and scientific in its approach, which results in a three-dimensional picture of his usually very tangible subject. Pebbles, insects, bits of bread are his specialties. He is, in fact, a word painter of verbal still lives who has been through cubism, a prose Braque. They are joined by Raymond Queneau, also of the *N. R. F.*, a vigorous and many-sided satirist, novelist, poet who, besides editing a new edition of "Bouvard et Pécuchet" and thus lighting the only candle in Paris to the greatest of provincials, contributes poems of a strong verbal dexterity to *Messages*. His "Trains dans la banlieue ouest" is a tour de force like MacNeice's "Bagpipes":

> Nanterre et Rueil qui donc arrueille
> Qui donc arrueille les roseaux
> qui donc enterre qui donc anteille
> larmes mucus odeurs et os
>
> Suresne' Asnière' on va-t-et-vient
> le long du fleuve aux bois méandres
> trainent les pierres trissent les chiens
> sur des sentiers à la chair tendre . . .

It is a pleasure to talk to the husky Queneau and to discuss his fascinating and destructive "Exercices de style"—for he speaks English well and the others merely read it. But we are now quite tired out and must trudge through the blue snow to the Métro, laden with presentation copies which the English customs officers at Newhaven will thumb and snivel over like dogs growling round a stale herring. "This is a *funny* kind of a book—Pie-Kasso—do you mind just coming with me?" And then in an awestruck whisper to his superior, "It's his books, sir, kind of *funny* if you see."

And still I have mentioned only a fraction of the literary world of Paris. I would like to be able to analyze the exhilaration which for eight weeks after leaving Paris I continued to feel, and the absence of which I now deplore. It was partly a sense of liberation, of getting out of the exhausted London atmosphere into a country where the war was felt to be over, and where individuals were their natural size, neither inflated with office nor shrunken with worry. It was partly returning to a world of ideas. For the English literary world is not a world of ideas but of personalities, a world of clubs and honors and ancestor-worship and engagement books, where a writer one wants to meet has to be hunted for several weeks until he is finally corralled at bay under some formidable mantelpiece. But French writers are not pompous; in everything but ideas they travel light; intelligence flows through them like a fast river and is not always being silted up by accretions of the personality, by sales, honors, habits, social and official positions. On the whole, the present literary world of Paris is young and poor, and its experiences in the resistance have made it both generous and brave. I think if I were to sum up its message in the way in which nearly every English visitor has felt it, it would be something like this: "Don't worry. It's all right. Everything you love is still here. The ideas, buildings, books, and pictures, the wine, the people, the trees. And they won't run away. Art and life are beginning again." The European orchestra is tuning up, and its members are as pleased to see us as we are to be with them; the freemasonry of the intellect is at work, and a new humanism is being born. For what our world now most needs is a positive and adult humanism. America could give it but is too money-bound and machine-dry; Russia lacks the sentiment of individual liberty; England is too bureaucratized and war weary. We have added the adjective "bloody-minded" to our language, and must rest our laurels on that. But France has known the tyrant, and been set free before the knowledge destroyed it. France alone, if it can survive an acute attack of nationalism, is capable of a bloodless 1789, of a new proclamation to the world of the old truths that life is meant to be lived and that liberty is its natural temperature, that brains are to be used and beauty to be worshiped, and that human beings, the only animals who can laugh, are intended to be happy.

NOTES BY THE WAY

BY MARGARET MARSHALL

GEORGE W. NORRIS, whose autobiography has recently been published under the title "Fighting Liberal" (Macmillan, $3.50), grew up in "Plainville, U. S. A." in what were still pretty early days. His father and mother and three of their twelve children had come by wagon from New York State in 1846 to settle in Ohio, where George Norris was born in 1861. Like most farm families the Norrises worked from daylight to sundown in order to make a meager living from the land. When Norris was three, his father died. His oldest brother had fallen in the Civil War. No wonder his mother, who managed to keep farm and family going, is the heroine of George Norris's book.

Norris's parents differed from their neighbors in only one important respect. Both of them, and particularly his mother, believed in education, for boys and girls alike, that went beyond the three R's.

> . . . most of these pioneer people clung to the belief that the labor of their children on the farms was infinitely more important than the study of higher mathematics or grammar. There were none more poor, and none needing labor more than my mother, but she insisted I study as extensively as the facilities permitted. Only three—Willis and Jesse Vickery and I—completed the course in grammar.

Norris not only completed the course in grammar. He managed to graduate from a private school which later became Valparaiso University.

> Only once was I able to continue through an entire year. Every other year I had to stop school in order to raise money, so that at least half the time I was out in the field at work.

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He also taught school during some of the intervals between his attendances at college and in the years of trial and error before he moved from Ohio to Nebraska and opened a law office "south of the square" in Beaver City.

The young lawyer was soon drawn into politics. He had been a passionate Republican at fifteen—that was the faith of his parents. In his teens he had belonged to the local debating society in Mount Carmel, Ohio, and he had continued to debate at Valparaiso.

The debates in Mount Carmel had been wide in range. Senator Norris tells us that on one occasion he had proposed the question: "Resolved, There is more pleasure in living with a neat, cross woman than with a good-natured, slouchy woman." He found that he alone was willing to defend the slouchy woman. The house was packed—and Norris won. On another occasion the question was: "Resolved, That man is a free moral agent." "I was curious then," writes Norris, "concerning the independence of the individual to serve himself and fulfil his responsibilities to his fellow-men." It remained a central question, and Norris's career is, I think, as clear and true an answer as one is likely to find.

Nebraska, when Norris settled there, was Populist. But Norris remained a staunch and even bitter Republican, though he obviously was influenced by the Populist temper. In spite of his party affiliation he was elected within a few years to the office of district judge—by a majority of two. After seven years as judge he was sent to Congress—in 1903. And he entered the national scene still convinced that his party was above reproach and the only one capable of providing good government.

Shortly afterward he began to see that he was mistaken; and the crucial thing is that having seen the truth he accepted it. He did not temper his organic principles to the functional wind. The sophistry of "party loyalty" was beyond him. He soon discovered, moreover, that there was nothing to choose between the two party machines and the powers behind them. He remained in the Republican Party, but he pursued an independent course.

Senator Norris's autobiography contains detailed and instructive accounts of his stubborn, long-drawn-out battles—against Joe Cannon, for the lame-duck amendment, for the anti-injunction law, for the TVA. The greatest of these was the TVA.

To the man from Mars it might seem paradoxical that this man from Plainville, this son of the frontier, this rank individualist, should have become the sponsor of the Tennessee Valley Authority, our most ambitious and successful venture in government financing and regulation, public ownership, and planning. Norris was a man of principle, not of theory. The TVA in his mind "just grew" out of what seemed to him the simple and sensible idea of preventing disastrous floods and saving the homes and livelihood of people in the river valleys. The interesting, indeed the exciting, thing about Norris and the TVA is the readiness with which he accepted all the implications of his simple homespun idea.

Norris and the TVA offer a resounding answer, straight from Plainville, to the well-worn myth that public ownership and long-range planning are alien to "the American way." But the answer contains a lesson for planners as well as for the N. A. M. From the beginning the emphasis, in Norris's thinking, was not on planning as an abstract good for the welfare of the abstract state but on the day-by-day interests of the specific and very real human beings who lived in the valley. The TVA has been remarkably successful as an example of regional planning. From everything I have heard of it, it has also been remarkably successful in imparting new reality to the long-abused and ruthlessly exploited but still valid concepts of self-government, private initiative, and the democratic process.

Senator Norris's autobiography is awkwardly written and haphazardly organized, but it is very much worth reading nevertheless. His nostalgic story of his childhood and his simple direct expression of his love of nature, of farm lands and of seasons, are very touching. His personality, as it is revealed in his book, has the quality of a "sweet" spring, and the same self-renewing force. There is no trace of the bitterness either of self-righteousness or of vindictiveness. He hated the evil human beings do; but his attitude, even toward the human beings he fought to a standstill when a principle was involved, was quite devoid of personal rancor. By those who obey the order of the day, "Hate thine enemy," Norris's magnanimity may seem to be that of a man whose battles were over, whose life had run its course. But it sprang from a far deeper source. It was a manifestation of his respect for himself, his abiding sense of his own worth, which along with a deep-going humility ruled out the childish, wasteful indulgence of hate.

Some weeks ago Lionel Trilling pointed out in an essay on Whitman that the sense of the importance of personal identity is in the doldrums. We are all trying to escape the responsibility it entails. Senator Norris's career was a continuous affirmation of personal identity; his autobiography is an important document for the triumphant record it contains of what can be accomplished for others by a man who feels that his first responsibility, as a free moral agent, is to his own principles and who therefore can think of other human beings only in terms of himself.

BRIEFER COMMENT

The Case of Elizabeth Canning

THE UNSOLVED MYSTERY of the servant girl Elizabeth Canning who disappeared for four weeks and returned with a wild tale of white-slaving gipsies has long been a favorite with those who recount famous trials. Lillian de la Torre has gone back to the voluminous contemporary mid-eighteenth-century accounts and in "Elizabeth Is Missing" (Knopf, $3.50) has pieced together a fascinating story which reads like fiction but, except for the hypothetical solution, invents nothing. The tale includes nearly every feature of interest that an underworld mystery could be expected to have and gains additional piquancy from the fact that Magistrate Henry Fielding was Elizabeth's London champion as well as from the fact that the heroine spent her last peaceful years in Connecticut, whither she had been transported on a quite possibly unjust conviction for perjury. Miss de la Torre has recently contributed pseudo-historical detective stories to *Ellery Queen's Magazine*, and the present book is lively

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enough for the general reader as well as sufficiently informative to interest the student of the eighteenth century. Her suggested solution is ingenious and in its central assumption at least probably correct. Connoisseurs of the hard-boiled may be reminded that at that epoch low life was good and low. There are some interesting illustrations from contemporary prints.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Baker's Memoirs

"AMERICAN CHRONICLE," by Ray Stannard Baker (Scribner's, $3.50), is the life story of a man who has sighted many horizons and gone beyond them—yet still likes best of all his own Massachusetts hillside. It is the autobiography of a man whose name is indissolubly linked in history with that of Woodrow Wilson and his fight for a better world. The characterizations of groups, movements, and events are surpassed only by the descriptions of the multitude of important persons Mr. Baker has known.

As a newspaper reporter in Chicago in the summer of 1892, which marks the start of this volume, Mr. Baker covered "Coxey's Army" and the Pullman strike. Then followed years of brilliant reporting for *McClure's Magazine*—"muckraking"—his work with the *American Magazine*, his trips to Europe, his deep interest in the progressive movement, his writing under the pseudonym of David Grayson, and, finally, his years of association with Woodrow Wilson.

Mr. Baker characterizes himself as a "follower" rather than a "leader." But he has been a highly intelligent and critical follower. He tells us that he was always "treasuring men who are all of a piece: possessed men, sure men, inwardly united men, who expend themselves fearlessly and utterly in some great cause." Inevitably, therefore, he would be drawn to Woodrow Wilson. Mr. Baker has no illusions about Wilson's perfection—analyses of his faults and weaknesses are frequent. Such recognition lends further realism to such a tribute as this: "For he was that rarity, a leader whom a free man could follow without surrender."

Some readers, remembering our rejection of the League of Nations and its ultimate collapse, may be inclined to feel sorry for a man who devoted so many years of his life to following a rejected leader. They should not pity Mr. Baker. It is not tragic to have followed a defeated leader if, in defeat, that leader is proved worthy of being followed. Furthermore, Mr. Baker knows that in the final analysis Woodrow Wilson did not fail.

RALPH ADAMS BROWN

Utopia on Credit

ADVOCATES of the Social Credit theories first proposed by Major C. H. Douglas have taken the statement that money is the root of all evil with a somewhat appalling literalness. In "Aladdin's Lamp" (Creative Age Press, $3.75) Gorham Munson has combined an unusually interesting, if biased, history of finance in the United States with a polemic for Social Credit which is frequently both naive and irritating.

Many of the world's difficulties arise from the inadequacies of traditional systems of money and credit, but it does not follow that virtually all economic and social problems could be solved overnight by a different handling of fiscal policy. Utopia is not around the corner, even if we were sure of the road to it. The experience of the last four years has demonstrated a productive capacity in the United States beyond the dream of ten years ago, but it has also demonstrated that production does have strictly finite limits in the immediate future.

If no allowance is made for price increases, the gross national product was nearly doubled between 1940 and 1943. It has not increased very much since 1943, and cannot grow much more without further substantial increases both in capital equipment and the productivity of labor. Total net production of goods and services today amounts to an average of something in the neighborhood of $4,000 a year per family. The actual median family income is about $2,600. This is far more than we have ever had before; it is not a level which would permit the complete consumer satisfaction and extensive leisure promised by Mr. Munson and the apostles of Social Credit. Nor does it indicate, as he maintains, that full employment is a mistaken ideal because we can achieve adequate production for a universally comfortable standard of living with considerably less than the total labor force. An economy of real abundance is clearly discernible within the next two or three generations, but it is no service to progress to promise that abundance can be achieved immediately by financial manipulation.

The need for fiscal reform is hampered rather than helped by a gross overstatement of the case, especially when many of the arguments can be refuted by statistics.

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Music

B. H. HAGGIN

SEEING an early Fred Astaire film led me to recall with longing the earlier stage musicals in which the book was utter nonsense devised only to bring someone like Astaire on the stage every now and then to sing a song and then to break into a dance in which he was joined by the "boys and girls" in an exciting routine of American stage dancing. The recent tendency has been to have a book that makes sense, or even to adapt it from a play like "Green Grow the Lilacs" or "Liliom"; to have ballets that arise out of the dramatic situations or at least illustrate the sense of the song; and now, in "Carousel," to set stretches of the dialogue to music. This through-composed music (as the Germans call it) in "Carousel" is inexpert and uninteresting; it leaves room for only a few songs of the usual Richard Rodgers type; and these, even at their best, never attain the brilliance that is offered in such profusion in "Oklahoma." As for Agnes de Mille's dances, they are charming and witty; but, as Wolcott Gibbs remarked, they begin to recall something one has seen before, and make me hungry for the sight of the stage dancing of former years.

"On the Town" is, I think, a far more successful example of this integrated type of musical show. The story provides Jerome Robbins with occasions for his translation of sharp observation of behavior and movement into stylized and humorous dance terms (e. g., the dancing of the dance-hall hostesses, the more hilarious for Alvin Colt's costumes); and the dream ballet of the second act shows deeper psychological insight. And much of Leonard Bernstein's music is very good. As a rule it gets bad when Bernstein gives his show music the benefit of his equipment as a highbrow composer; but one of the funniest songs, "I Am Carried Away," is funny precisely because of its use of one of the devices of serious music, canonic imitation, in an absurd context.

"The Seven Lively Arts" is none of my business, except insofar as it provided me with my ghastliest musical experience of the year. This was when, in between a couple of the tawdry revue numbers, Benny Goodman came swaggering out and proceeded to give the audience five minutes of Art—in the shape of the conclusion of Weber's Clarinet Concerto, which could not possibly have any meaning or effect, not only because it was placed in that context, but because it was presented without its own context of the entire work and deprived of what meaning or effect this might have given it even in those unfavorable surroundings. Convinced by its meaningless that this was indeed Art, the audience sat respectfully silent for the five minutes, and at the end gave Goodman, as he swaggered off, tremendous applause instead of the kick in the pants he deserved for his pretentiousness and his lack of the musical understanding he pretended to. It left me wondering whether Billy Rose has his Modigliani painting of Cocteau hung amid a lot of Vargas drawings.

Moreover, not content with this black eye to one serious art, Mr. Rose presented Markova not only, again, in an inappropriate context, but in some trash devised by Dolin that confirmed the audience's previous notions of the silliness of classic ballet.

Columbia has issued a recording (Set 564; $3.50) of Lalo's Symphonie Espagnole performed by Milstein with the Philadelphia Orchestra. The music is enjoyable; Milstein's performance is excellent, except for some sobbing in the first movement; and the orchestra plays well with him; but the recording falsifies the sound of orchestra and violin horribly.

Columbia's other June set (569; $6.50) offers Rachmaninov's Symphony No. 2 performed by Rodzinski with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony. What can lead the conductor of a major orchestra in a city like New York to perform such rubbish and a recording company to put it on records is beyond my powers of imagination. The recorded sound is strident.

CONTRIBUTORS

KAY BOYLE is a well-known novelist and writer of short stories. Among her books are "Avalanche," "The Crazy Hunter," and "Primer for Combat."

MAJOR H. A. DEWEERD is associate editor of the *Infantry Journal* and author of "Great Soldiers of the Two World Wars." He was formerly associate professor of history at Denison University and editor of *Military Affairs*.

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Letters to the Editors

Will Austria Become Self-governing?

Dear Sirs: Ernst Karl Winter's article on Austria in the May 26 issue of *The Nation* was given an enthusiastic introduction by the editor, only slightly blemished by a somewhat vague reservation regarding the author's interpretation of the role of the right and the left in Austria's past and present. This makes it a bit difficult to comment on the article. But comment is required.

Mr. Winter's article is indeed "interesting and illuminating," but mainly for what it does not say. Reading it carefully, I have found no reference to the requirements of a democratic development in Austria, particularly to the need of a thorough house-cleaning in the party to which Mr. Winter belongs, the Christian Social Party.

This is apparently no accident. Mr. Winter's lack of understanding of the strongest democratic force in Austria, the Social Democrats, seems only slightly less than that of Herr Schuschnigg, whose complete lack of political acumen he inadvertently reveals. Herr Schuschnigg is reported by Mr. Winter to have come to the conclusion—between his trip to Berchtesgaden and his final capitulation—that, if he had the choice, he would take Stalin, not Hitler, and that that "would mean Otto Bauer." This revealing idiocy of identifying the Socialist leader with Stalin was a standard theme of Dollfuss's and Schuschnigg's pro-fascist propaganda. To them the Social Democrat, Otto Bauer, was, in their language, an "Austro-Bolshevik." This was used to justify anti-labor and anti-democratic measures before the rest of the world. Many were the times that Dollfuss tried to convince the French Foreign Minister, Paul-Boncour, that the Austrian Socialists were not Socialists of the French type but Austro-Bolsheviks, and that therefore the Austro-Fascists were justified in acting as they did. If Herr Schuschnigg really felt that he preferred Otto Bauer to Hitler, why on earth was he unwilling or unable to come to terms with the Socialist underground against Hitler at the time of the plebiscite? Gedye, in his "Betrayal in Central Europe," reports in great detail how, even in this last hour before the final catastrophe, Schuschnigg procrastinated in his dealings with the underground leaders—just because he could not make up his mind between Bauer and Hitler.

Not once in his article does Mr. Winter make it clear that out of the Christian Social Party—which he mislabels the Christian Socialists—emerged the leadership of Austro-Fascism. His only fear is of a *Kulturkampf*—which seems strange at a moment when the new Austrian republic is confronted with so much more pressing problems. (Incidentally, there is no Minister of Public Instruction and Religion in the Austrian Cabinet. This office existed under the Hapsburg Empire and the word "religion" was dropped when the first Austrian Republic was established.) Yet, one of the basic issues of Austrian democracy is whether the rightist party will once for all rid itself of all those monarchist and fascist leanings to which it offered cordial hospitality under Seipel, Dollfuss, and Schuschnigg.

Conspicuously absent in Mr. Winter's article is also any discussion of whether the Austrian government will be allowed to govern. I share Mr. Winter's concern over the prospects of cooperation among the Big Three, but this should not make us overlook the people of Austria itself. Whether the Renner Cabinet, which, I agree, is probably the best that could be set up under the circumstances, is acceptable to all of the Big Three is one question; whether it will be allowed to govern is another question, and one which is of at least equal importance. The Moscow Declaration has made Austria independent from Germany. The question now is whether the Declaration also meant that the Austrians will be given, as rapidly as possible, the right to govern themselves.

ADOLF STURMTHAL

Annandale-on-Hudson, N. Y., June 2

Attention, North Jersey

Dear Sirs: A North Jersey Progressive League was formed recently in Hudson, Bergen, and Passaic counties. Our aims are "by education and by political action on a non-partisan basis" to work for "the extension of democracy both in our domestic affairs and in our international affairs." Anyone interested is urged to write us at 516 34th Street.

LEO GAMOW

Union City, N. J., May 30

It Wasn't Fit to Print

Dear Sirs: In your May 5 issue you commented on a New York *Times* dispatch from Bologna reporting the "acclaim" that greeted Prince Humbert's visit there as follows: "It seems strange that during the fifteen minutes of his appearance in public the Prince found 500 assorted Bolognese ready to mill around him, etc."

I received from an American soldier in Italy the following statement, dated May 11:

> About the article of the New York *Times* you sent me, I can state that it is a lie. Please tell the guy who wrote it to go and look at the articles printed in our *Stars and Stripes* between April 19 and 25.
>
> These eyewitness stories say that around 600 persons were in the square which was crossed by Umberto heavily escorted by Military Police, *but they didn't show any interest in him.* The best proof that he was not noticed lies in the fact that he is still alive.
>
> In case other lies should come out I state personally that Umberto was in complete incognito in Turin and Milan, otherwise . . .

WALTER TOSCANINI

New York, May 25

Storm Over Agee

Dear Sirs: This is a letter of applause for James Agee's article on atrocity films in the May 19 issue. He was courageous to write it and you were courageous to print it, for it is a point of view not popular right now and yet greatly needed.

R. E. WOLSELEY

Evanston, Ill., May 25

Dear Sirs: I roundly condemn your failure to censor James Agee's scandalous article on Nazi atrocity films. It could very well have been signed, "Ghost of Goebbels." Agee admits that he has not seen the films; yet he has the unmitigated gall to prejudge them and to state that, in our passion for vengeance, we are "worse, . . . in some respects, than the Nazis." On the little likelihood that the article was published without your knowledge, I call upon you now to give Agee a sound journalistic thrashing in reply.

HERMAN KERSH

New York, May 27

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